

SOLD NEWSPAPERS AS A LAD; NOW HE BUYS A COUPLE

James Keeley Has Clambered in Three Decades from the Estate of a London Newsie to That of Owner of Two Chicago Journals.

Consolidation of "Record-Herald" and "Inter Ocean" Is a Monument to a Remarkable, Straight-from-the-Shoulder Career.



JAMES KEELEY.

THE bottommost rung of the newspaper ladder is undoubtedly that occupied by the newsboy in the street. The topmost rung is that on which the proprietor of the metropolitan daily sits and mops his brow. James Keeley, who was born only forty-seven years ago, has climbed that whole amazing distance.

On May 7 Mr. Keeley, who had been for a number of years managing editor of "The Chicago Tribune," took his last great step upward. He bought "The Record-Herald" and "Inter-Ocean," of that city. Last Monday he consolidated them, calling the combination "The Chicago Record-Herald and Inter-Ocean." On last accounts, however, he was beseeching his readers to choose for his new paper one from among the names of bygone journals which this merger represents.

"Shall it be the 'Herald'?" he wrote. "Shall it be the 'Record'?" Shall it be the 'Times'?" Shall it be the 'Inter-Ocean'?" Which is the name that appeals most strongly to you? What is the reason why you prefer it to one of the others?

"Write like one of the home folks to a member of the family, for we are all of one family, associates in the home every day, and we must fix on the name that is to bind us more and more closely together. Write early, because it will never do to be late with the christening. Address your letters to 'The Name Editor.' When the name is chosen then we'll have a christening."

WENT TO SCHOOL TO THE CROWD IN THE STREET.

There is in the simple, homely phrases of this appeal a key to the character and success of James Keeley. There is here an echo of the terse Anglo-Saxon with whose help he used to sell papers on the streets of London. It first goes straight to the point and then it coaxes. And there is here also a strong sense of the solidarity of humanity and of the democracy of the Middle West in which he steeped himself as a reporter. As a "newsie" Keeley went to school to the crowd. As a reporter he took a post-graduate course among individuals. If there is an average man Keeley knows him, and if there isn't Keeley knows his substitute.

Add to such an education the sort of will that goes with a bullet head and a body welded into iron by the buffeting of a hard life, and you have a rough summary of one of the most interesting characters of contemporary life, a successful newspaper man.

A bit of this straight-from-the-shoulder, look-you-in-the-eye side of his nature crops out in the following signed announcement of his purchase, which appeared in both "The Record-Herald" and "Inter-Ocean" the morning after:

"The Chicago Inter-Ocean" were purchased yesterday by James Keeley. The two papers will be consolidated as "The Chicago Record-Herald and Inter-Ocean." Mr. Keeley will be editor and W. W. Chapin, recently publisher of "The Seattle Post-Intelligencer" and "The San Francisco Call," will be publisher.

"The Record-Herald" and "The Inter-Ocean" were purchased free of all debt and obligations of every kind. The consolidated paper will be independent in politics and every other phase of activity. It will endeavor to be a constructive force in Chicago and the great Central West. It will work for the upbuilding—physically, commercially and morally—of the city in which it has its home, and in national affairs will strive to uphold the hands of those who are laboring for the welfare of the people as a whole.

Cleanliness and accuracy, in so far as is humanly possible, will control its news and advertising columns, and sanity will be the governing factor in the editorial treatment of men, women, measures and affairs.

The publication office of the combined papers after Monday will be 153 West Washington st., the present location of "The Record-Herald."

Bing! There you have the whole legend in a nutshell.

LEARNED EARLY THE NEED OF SELF-PROTECTION.

But let us consider in more detail the remarkable history of this magnetic, two-fisted man.

From an early age until he was fifteen years old Keeley alternated between blacking boots and selling newspapers in the streets of his native Whitechapel. (He was born on November 14, 1867.) One writer has said of him at this period: "He could scarp in a flash—fight for a sale, fight for a shine, fight for fun or for principle."

Just so long as mind, body and appetites remain wholesome such a school should provide an excellent training for success in any field of human activity. It should give one a directness of vision unclouded by sentiment; exactly, in fact, what it gave James Keeley. He learned practically nothing that he had later to unlearn.

At fifteen he became enamored of a fly-specked transatlantic ticket reading to Leavenworth, Kan., displayed in the show window of a booking agent. It took almost his entire savings, but he bought it, and emigrated with the idea that Leavenworth, Kan., might be one of those numerous Jersey towns on the left bank of the Hudson. If it had been two New York papers instead of two Chicago papers might now be his. As it is, he has been too busy in the region of prairies to do more than pay his short visits.

His first real lesson in geography came with that long, dusty ride to Leavenworth in an immigrant train. And, once in Leavenworth, he confirmed an old suspicion of his, that silver dollars were not among the most conspicuous of those objects lying about in the gutters of a Western town. He had more than half prepared him-

self for the sad truth that one may go hungry and cold in America without half trying, unless, in fact, one more than half tries not to.

'T WAS ANYTHING TO EARN A LIVING AT FIRST.

So he buckled down in Leavenworth as he had been accustomed to do in London. It is not recorded that he sold papers there, but there is pretty good evidence that he sold peanuts and scrubbed pots and kettles, and did as many other odd and mental though perfectly honorable jobs as came to hand. He had no regular occupation until he became steward for four army officers who conducted bachelors' quarters out at the fort. Later still he worked for a jeweler in Leavenworth and became an expert engraver.

But not even this dignity could bind him to the town after he had begun to tire of it. He moved on down the roadbed of the Missouri Pacific Railroad in the general direction of Kansas City, without the aid of a superheater, pausing, however, at Wyandotte. There he put the artistic skill he had acquired as an engraver in Leavenworth to good advantage by painting for a large number of merchants and earning meals at restaurants and their equivalent at grocery stores. It is also set down in black and white that he curried horses and earned a bed in the hay.

But through all these vicissitudes James Keeley retained a keen interest

in newspapers. He became carrier in Wyandotte for "The Kansas City Journal." When the local correspondent of the paper became ill and departed he appropriated the job, and began sending items in clouds from this Kansas City suburb. He had no false impressions of his ability as a writer, however, and with the object of learning both how to write and what to write he used to keep carbon copies of what he sent in to the paper to compare later with what the paper printed. This, it may be said in passing, is the only road to knowledge and skill on a newspaper.

SOON HAD WRITTEN ENGLISH AT COMMAND.

Keeley had, of course, a natural "nose for news," as any boy who had supported himself by selling newspapers might be expected to have. And with a perfectly good, if somewhat unutilized, mental equipment, it took him only a short time to acquire a working knowledge of the written language. He soon promoted himself to a place on the city staff of "The Kansas City Journal."

Now, the job of reporter may not seem to the majority of newspaper readers the easiest way of making a living, but to a former newsboy it appears a very exalted and comfortable berth indeed. And yet, having reached this pinnacle, the hero of our sketch had no idea of resting on his laurels. He not only became a reporter,

but a very demon of a reporter, plunging into the very depths of life after facts and coming back with them, running his short legs off on clogs.

City editors have a way of giving such a one all the work he wants. Having great faith in his industry and ingenuity, they send him on as many intricate missions as they can crowd into his waking hours. But Keeley thought this was simply one of the idiosyncrasies of the city editor of "The Kansas City Journal," so when he considered the habit had become too ingrained he bade Kansas City farewell and dropped down the river to Memphis.

From Memphis he went to Louisville. In each of these cities he rose from extra reporter to city editor and took a hand himself in driving reporters. Then he sighed for a broader sphere. The metropolises of the Middle West beckoned, and he answered the summons.

Once in Chicago it is probable that he took his choice in the matter of newspapers to work for, though this is only conjecture, based on his known characteristics. In any case, he became a reporter for "The Chicago Tribune." That was twenty years ago.

VIGOROUS IN THE BATTLE FOR "BEATS."

Since then, until a week and a half ago, when he acquired his own newspaper, James Keeley had given everything he had to "The Tribune." As a reporter he was one of those who

worked alone"; that is, his object was always twofold—to get the news and to prevent his fellow reporters from getting it or reporting it. And if the thousand and one legends enshrouding his personality have any basis in fact, the methods he used to "beat" his fellows lacked a great deal of being Chesterfieldian and they earned him a great many enemies. A story is told of his first big out-of-town assignment, designed to illustrate his manner of getting the news:

The cattle rustlers' war was on in Wyoming. The city editor handed Keeley \$200 and told him to catch the next train for the front, leaving in twenty minutes. It was in March, 1892, and Wyoming was in the grip of a blizzard. Keeley had no overcoat; he did not have time to get one or to find out to what particular town in Wyoming he had better buy a ticket. He nevertheless bought a ticket for Douglas, took the train, and two days later jumped off into snow drifts over one hundred miles south of the scene of conflict.

"The Chicago Herald" had a correspondent, Sam Clover, already on the spot. His first story had come out over a wire running south to Douglas. The rustlers had cut this wire, but four companies of federal cavalry were hastening to the rescue and might be expected to repair it in short order.

Keeley travelled north in a buggy along the line of telegraph poles, distributing a large part of his \$200 in such a way that by the time he reached his destination he had established a splendid courier service to Douglas and had the telegraph operator there acting to do him a favor. And at the same time some mysterious agent, not the weather, had destroyed most of what remained of that wire leading north. The Tribune thereafter for a while monopolized "the story."

AND THENCE TO THE DESK OF THE CITY EDITOR.

But much to the relief of Chicago newsgatherers in general Keeley remained a reporter only a few months. He took instead the direct route to the city editorship via copy desk and night city editorship. As city editor he exacted from his men the same indefatigable industry which he had always displayed himself. He didn't make them love him, but they worked for him with a zest which unfortunately does not always engender.

Sixteen years ago R. W. Patterson, who was then in control of "The Tribune," walked into the city room one day and told Mr. Keeley that he, Keeley, was managing editor. Mr. Keeley did not refuse the title. He took it and immediately began pouring his substance into it to such good effect that he became probably the most

famous managing editor in the country.

In his first year he scored a "beat" on the battle of Manila. When McKinley died "The Chicago Tribune" was the only paper having the news in its first edition. The failure of the Walsh banks gave Keeley another opportunity to "beat" the town, which he grasped heartily. The morning after the Iroquois Theatre fire he had "The Tribune" print nothing but the names of the victims on its front page, a daring journalistic innovation, but entirely successful, amounting almost to a "scoop" of his rivals.

The ousting of Lorimer from the United States Senate put the finishing touches to his fame. Keeley bought White's jackpot story and threw the whole force of his paper and his personality behind the crusade against Lorimer. The Senate defeated him in the first round, but H. H. Kohlsaat, his neighbor of "The Record-Herald," joined him in his assault and together they so influenced public opinion that almost every newspaper from the Atlantic to the Pacific finally demanded Lorimer's dismissal. Lorimer's defeat must be regarded as a Keeley victory.

PUSHED A BILL THROUGH TO COAX "TEDDY."

After this Keeley even found it possible to force the Illinois Legislature to pass a direct primary law that he might convince Theodore Roosevelt the Republicans of the state wanted him to run for President. This was in 1912. Roosevelt won over Taft in the primaries and won over him again in the election, with "The Chicago Tribune" figuring as the oracle of the Illinois Progressives. It proved a tremendous circulation feature for the paper.

Keeley is a martinet, a man who does not heed personal appeals when they conflict with the strict interpretation of his duty. He has been accused of ruthlessness, of hardness of heart, but he calls it conscience. They say he has a mere handful of intimates and almost no friends in the casual sense, but that he has developed a host of the bitterest sort of enemies. And yet we learn that out of respect and admiration for Keeley, the merchants of Chicago doubled in the first issue of the consolidated paper last Monday the advertising space they had been accustomed to buy in the "Record-Herald" and "Inter Ocean" separately.

Let us, in closing, ask that hackneyed question: Is personal journalism dead? Not for one moment, if James Keeley has anything to do with it, and it looks very much as if his activities in the future even more than in the past would profoundly color the profession in this country.

Forty-Acre Playground at Amherst for Men Who Never Make a Team

MARKED readjustment of athletic values is being made in many colleges and universities to-day. A well defined movement is under way to encourage the so-called intramural sports which engage the type of student who is not proficient enough physically to earn a place on one of the big teams which have heretofore absorbed all attention. Playgrounds are being laid out for the men who like to season their studying with a little physical exercise in a game of some sort, and some institutions are making such activity compulsory instead of elective.

Probably the most extensive plans for a field devoted to the exclusive use of those not qualified for a place on a varsity team have been made by Amherst, one of the small New England colleges, up in the hills of Western Massachusetts. Here a forty-acre tract of land is being developed at a cost of \$75,000 as a playground for the students who do not aspire to fame and glory.

Plans have been drawn to utilize every inch of the big field. Shielded by the hill where the college buildings are grouped, the land slopes to the south. An elevation of 100 feet at the highest point provides for three broad terraces on which thirty-six tennis courts are to be laid out. On each terrace there are turf plots, large enough to accommodate classes of two hundred in calisthenic drills.

BASEBALL DIAMONDS AND FOOTBALL FIELDS.

Five baseball diamonds are to be constructed in conjunction with six football, soccer or lacrosse fields. A quarter of a mile straightway running track is planned, as well as a circular track of equal length. There is room as well for six outdoor basketball courts and a one-mile "cross-country" running course. Additional space has been reserved for winter sports, such as coasting and skiing, while part of the field can be flooded for skating when the ground is frozen. It is estimated that the 500 students can be accommodated at some game or other. The field abuts the gymnasium and swimming pool, with the campus and dormitories just beyond to the north. To the south stretches a wide valley with a magnificent view of the Mount Holyoke range of mountains.

the time comes to put it into complete operation, athletic requirements will be made for the scholar just as scholastic requirements were made for the athlete in the effort to do away with flagrant abuses. Every man will be compelled to spend so many hours a week at some game, playing on a club, fraternity or class team in intramural competitions.

"Way back in 1826, when this college, like the others in New England, was educating men for the ministry, the need of physical exercise for the students was recognized. A special holiday was given to clear away the underbrush from the grove as a place for outdoor exercise. This space is the campus. A year later, a gymnastic society was formed for the erection and support of apparatus in the grove. A bath house was constructed for shower baths, the water being conducted in troughs from the ice cold college well at the top of the hill.

GYMNASTIC SOCIETY A CENTRE OF ACTIVITY.

For fifteen years the athletic activities of the college centered in the gymnastic society. Swings and a rude horse of wood and springs were built in the grove. Jumping, running, round ball, loggerheads, quoits and association football were the popular games of the day. The equipment was steadily increased until parallel bars and a running track appeared in 1845, with swinging rings a few years later. Wrestling, boxing, fencing and weight lifting were added to the exercises.

It was in 1859 that the Amherst ball club was organized, and on July 1 of that year Williams College was encountered in the first intercollegiate baseball game on record. The battle was waged on neutral ground in Pittsfield, Mass., Amherst winning by a score of 75 to 32, after playing all one afternoon. The balls used in the game are to be seen in the trophy room of the gymnasium.

The success of physical exercise in the grove was so marked that greater recognition from the authorities was demanded. Consequently, in 1890, the first college gymnasium in the country, known as Barrett Gym, was constructed.

chosen professor of hygiene and physical education. He introduced uniforms and class drills, with dumbbells and Indian clubs. For nearly fifty years he held the post at the head of the department, gathering vital statistics on the physical growth of college students under the influence of required calisthenics.

ATHLETICS UNDER DIRECTION OF "OLD DOC."

Under the direction of "Old Doc," as he came to be known when his hair began to whiten, the athletic equipment of the institution was increased a hundredfold. In 1877 a field for outdoor sports was obtained, and Amherst played its first intercollegiate football game with Tufts, winning by a score of two touchdowns to one. The Pratt gymnasium now in use was given to the college in 1884 and six years later came the Pratt Field and grandstand for varsity teams. The swimming pool, one of the largest in the East, came eight years ago, and was followed in 1908 by the ice hockey rink. With a natatorium Amherst lost no time in compelling a student to learn to swim before he received a degree.

Through all these years Dr. Hitchcock fought the fight for the health of the student, often in the face of bitter hostility, until physical education was placed on an enduring basis, not only in Amherst, but in every other college. It is now as much of the curriculum as Latin or Greek or mathematics.

He was a vigorous old man, with a heart big enough to hold the warmest affection for every one of his boys, whom he numbered by the thousands. On those wondrously clear winter mornings when the mercury cuddled close to zero and the peaks of the purple mountains were cut like cameos in the sky "Old Doc" was the first up the hill to chapel, while a more pampered generation clung to the coverlets. His big black hickory cane tapped sharply on the sidewalk as he walked along, bundled up in a heavy muffler.

The time came when "Old Doc's" voice was heard no more at College Hall and his stooping figure was not seen any longer around the campus. But after a big victory they always would go down to his house to give him a cheer. Then the day came when they could only stand in silence a few minutes under his window. He was too weak to be allowed to hear the voices that he loved so well. It was not long before they learned that he had gone.

And they bore his body away to the hillside.

THE SWAN SONG.

From all o'er the country, from cities and farms,

They came before fighting had ceased, A band of the best that America holds, Who'd heeded the call of the East. Can the work that they did be forgotten or scorned?

Can it be well rewarded with pay? Did they stop when tired out and discouraged, and sick?

Never for once—not THEY.

They taught Philippi the right way to work, And they taught as if teaching were fun; They taught them to spell and to build themselves roads,

And the best way to handle a gun, Were their salaries so big that the task was worth while?

Did they save a centavo of pay? Have the average men an account with the bank?

Never a cent—not THEY.

Ah, those were the days when the best men won,

The survival of those that were fit—When the work to be done counted every thing.

And politics nary a bit, Did they get discouraged when things went wrong?

Did their work seem never done? Did they throw up their jobs when the cholera raged?

Be proud of them all—not ONE.

But now they say that we all must go, They scorn all our hopes and fears; They've learned a lot more in a scant four months

Than we've learned in fifteen years, Do they know that great movements must always be slow?

And that Rome wasn't built in a day? Did they ask the advice of ONE man who knows?

Never a bit—not THEY.

And even those who are still on the list, Can see that the end's in sight; No matter if they have worked hard and long.

With regrets that were always right, Will our government take those who've done so well,

As would other world-circling powers, And give them like jobs in another place? Not on your life—not OURS.

It's "your pay will stop at the end of the month.

We don't need you now; A Filipino can do your work, Since you've labored and taught him how—And since your relief is already picked you may as well leave to-day."

Do they say "Many thanks" of "Your work was good"?

Never a word—not THEY.

So we haven't a job, and we haven't a cent, And nobody cares a damn; But we've done our work and we've done it well.

To the glory of Uncle Sam, And we've seen a lot, and we've lived a lot, In these islands over the sea. Would we change with our brothers grown rich at home? Prizes be to God—not WE.

—The Manila Daily Bulletin.

A Flat Dweller's Familiar Problem Is to Keep His Library "Boiled Down"

By RENE KELLY.

THE other day I read a magazine article on "How to Acquire a Library." It interested me, although, as tenant of a New York apartment, my own problem is how not to acquire one. By nature I like big, roomy books, with clear type and wide margins. But there isn't room for books like that in my flat. Already the books are spreading into the dining room; next it will be the turn of the kitchenette. And then what—the dumbwaiter?

Of course, there are ways of keeping one's library trained down. You can generally lend your books to friends—and, by raising it out of all reason, you can get rid even of your dearest tome. The trouble is, one's friends are sometimes honest about the dull books. I have had such books returned to me quite promptly. It isn't really true that lent books are never returned. I don't like cynicism. It all depends.

There are other ways of reducing one's library. One can always move. And, in my old free-lance days, when I spent my time very much as I pleased, there was a still simpler recipe. I ate my books. Book lovers may condemn this practice as they will—I think it is sometimes justifiable. It all happens naturally enough. You are hungry, and so, after choosing the volume you love best (very much as becalmed mariners might pick out the least popular shipmate to make the pot boil), you go downstairs and out into the cold world with an armful of literature that you sell at a second-hand dealer's before daring to enter the restaurant. As you order you reason somewhat like this:

Consommé au croute de fromage—Balthazar's "Séraphita"; cheap at the price! Lamb Stew, Dublin Style—Meredith's "Modern Love," with a bound volume of "The Nation" on the side. Romaine Salad—Jean-Christophe eked out with a volume of Henry van Dyke; reasonable enough! Camembert Cheese; Black Coffee; Cigar—Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," plus a second-best Shelley, a brand new Jack London and Wells's "Passionate Friends."

BOOKS DO ACCUMULATE, IN SPITE OF FRIENDS.

And yet, in spite of eating now and again, and having friends and moving in our uncivilized American fashion, I find that books do still accumulate. It is time to discover how this happens. One may as well leave out of account

the exceptional methods of acquisition: by inheritance and purchase. Neither of these is practised frequently enough, or on a large scale.

Christmas brings books. "John is a great reader," reason one's female relations. "We must find a nice book for his Christmas present." And they send you either the latest work of your worst enemy or a tawdry reprint of somebody you have dog-eared in the editio princeps.

The pleasantest way of acquiring books is at an auction. I don't mean the South Clark st. book auctions, or those which take place during the noon hour in the cross streets of downtown Boston. It is at these that the "tired business man" bids for limited editions of Poe, or Maupassant, or Paul de Kock, along with illuminated texts of the Constitution, and beautifully etched "Arabian Nights." No, I assume that all of us are above being interested in this kind of auction. And for me the really tempting sale is that where the library of some great man—some celebrity, at least—is disposed of. Your first thought is: "What a pity that his collection should be dispersed like that! Princeton ought to buy it unbroken." And your second thought: "I must bid on some of these items! Now, which 'association books' shall I mark in this fascinating catalogue?" For, there is no doubt about it, catalogues have an attraction all their own. Have you never felt it? Then you can never have sympathized with M. Bergeret in Anatole France's novel. What is more, you can never have had any deep sympathy with me.

THE AUCTION—WHEN BIDDING IS AN ADVENTURE.

The trouble is, my own way of bidding has its disadvantages. It makes it, it is true, all the more an adventure. It makes of the book auction a veritable lottery—in spite of the federal law. For I never attend book auctions; somehow, I never have time. I merely read the catalogues very lovingly, and stab the pages with pencil marks and under-scorings. Then, when I come to the end, I begin over again, rereading the items I have marked. And then I make out a list of such books as I think, in an enthusiastic moment, I would like to read—or own. And I jot down a conservative amount against each "lot," or "volume," and sign my name, and seal my bid, and post it—and wait.

A SIGHT WORTH SEEING.

H. Hamilton Fyfe, the English journalist, was talking at the Press Club in New York about Mexico, whence he had just returned. "Among the Mexican Indians," he said, "two things astonished me—first, the early age at which the children begin to smoke, and, second, the late age at which they continue to be nursed by their mothers." "Frequently the Indian babies are suckled till they are four years old. By that time they have learned to smoke, and it is not uncommon, in the Indian villages, to see a child leave its mother's breast and immediately light up a comfortable 'after dinner' cigar."

that case I shrug my shoulders and tell myself I don't need any more books anyway; precisely what She is always saying. But, sometimes, a notification comes that I owe the booksellers something or other, and I write out a check, and wonder what treasure I have drawn. Sometimes the "treasure" proves a great disillusionment: a faded copy of some minor classic, in such a binding as the French call "trod." Then, again, I shrug my poor shoulders. "It might have been worse."

Alas! sometimes it is worse. Only last month I went through an auction catalogue with great avidity, and decided to make a large number of unusually small bids. "I'll get something," I said to myself, "and I won't pay much for it, either!" And when the auction was pulled off it befell just as I had prophesied—only more so. Almost every one of my bids was a winning number! Now, I wanted some of those books; one or two lots, say. But all of them! With Artemus Ward, I found myself murmuring, "It is 2 much."

Where shall I shelve my new acquisitions? Must I buy a new bookcase? Unhappily, there is no room for it unless I rent a bigger apartment. The desk has two unexpected rows of books upon it already; even the bureau is invaded by an unmillitary file of the lame, the halt and the fatigued. The top of the china closet—but that's a family secret. Perhaps the best way out of the difficulty would be to eat a few volumes—after the fashion set forth in my third paragraph. But to eat books while a few coins still jingle in your trousers—for the bibliomaniac that spells cannibalism!

Briar pipes are made, not of briar, but of bruyere, a heather growing on the Riviera and in Corsica.